

Good Morning

88

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Hi!
Stoker
Maldwyn
Davies—

ALLIED NATIONS—

WHO ARE THE CZECHS?

Awaiting liberation is another nation whose future depends on Allied victory. Here is their history.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA was in existence centuries ago, under the name of Bohemia. Slovakia, the eastern part, became separated from Bohemia and Moravia, the western part, when the Magyars invaded Central Europe at the beginning of the tenth century.

German penetration began during the 12th and 13th centuries, when Bohemian kings invited German colonists to settle.

In 1526, when the Bohemian throne was vacant, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria claimed it; and from that date there began a reign of oppression. Nearly a hundred years later came unsuccessful rebellion, followed by wholesale executions, confiscation of land, exile for notables, and what amounted to the enslavement of peasants.

After the War of American Independence and the French Revolution national consciousness again arose; and the long struggle was over when, in October, 1918, the establishment of the Czecho-Slovak Republic was declared. T. G. Masaryk, the first president, was its builder; Dr. Benes, the present President, was his chief helper.

To-day the country has sunk again under the heel of the oppressor; but a new Government was formed in Britain in

July, 1940, under Dr. Benes, and the fight goes on.

Heart of Europe

Czecho-Slovakia is practically in the heart of Europe. It is encircled by Germany, Poland, Austria and Hungary and Rumania. It is a little more than half the size of Britain.

Its progress after the First World War was rapid. In the five succeeding years, about a million hectares of estates were divided up between small farmers and landless peasants. By 1937 the population had increased to over 15 million.

Bratislava had been once more made a port on the Danube for the distribution of the country's products to the world, and customs dues were cut by half. The length of railways was considerably increased, with Prague as centre, and trans-European services ran across the new republic.

The national economy seemed to be almost ideally balanced—especially for a small country. Agriculture took 40 per cent., industry 34 per cent., and the remainder was divided in commerce and the civil and municipal services. The Danube ports grew rapidly, and foreign trade figures increased with them.

Then came Munich. What it meant, Mr. Winston Churchill knew, for in March, 1939, he

said: "Many people at the time of the September crisis thought they were only giving away the interests of Czecho-Slovakia, but with every month that passes you will see that they were giving away also the interests of Britain and the interests of peace and justice."

In September, 1941, Mr. Anthony Eden said: "That barbarous power against which we are fighting has stolen your national and private property, enslaved your workers, dragged thousands of innocent people from their homes, and beaten, tortured and killed Czecho-Slovak patriots." But, he added, the hour of liberation will come.

The arts

The country's literary tradition is nearly a thousand years old. It began in the tenth century. There are only three older universities than Prague, established in the 14th century. That was the time of Huss, the Bohemian Wycliffe. Later came Comenius, a figure of world importance. We of to-day know best Karel Capek, with his great insect play and his Robots.

Of the musicians of Czecho-Slovakia, probably the best-known to us are Smetana and Dvorak, whilst Sevcik, teacher of the violin, and of Kubelik, is unforgettable.

Architecture and in painting, notable and widely recognised work has been done.

In the Middle Ages the silver mines of Kutna Hora were world-famous, and the mining town of Pribram had the deepest mine in the world. A Czech monk invented the lightning conductor; a Czech invented a steam-driven propeller. Agricultural machinery, artillery, brewing—in these the country took a foremost place.

One of the most notable of all the scientists was the Abbot Mendel, whose work on heredity has had world-wide influence.

A million members and thousands of local branches formed the Sokol, the biggest voluntary gymnastic organisation in the world. The influence of this on the national spirit can hardly be over-estimated. Every six years there was a festival in Prague, to which went hundreds of thousands of Sokol members. They made the country a land of gymnasts. Football was popular. Incidentally, President Benes broke a leg whilst playing.

Both Houses of Parliament were elected by popular vote, and all men and women over twenty-one must vote under penalty of a fine. The President was elected by vote of both houses; the Cabinet was appointed by the President, but the ministers were responsible to Parliament.

There were some 14 different parties represented in Parliament, so that not only was every class and interest represented, but every shade of opinion. Proportional Representation is in force. No party ever commanded a majority, so that coalitions have always formed Cabinets. Three-quarters of the people are Roman Catholics.



—This is Mother Calling!

THE cheerful little kettle was boiling on the hob. On the table was a nicely browned rice pudding, and the white-haired, dignified little woman was peeling potatoes from a large bowl.

The dresser along one side of the small room was full of polished glass and china ware, and alongside it, on the wall, was an enlarged photograph of a young man in Navy dress.

"I am just getting a meal for my husband—he's on night work, and is due to go to his job shortly," said the little woman. "You mustn't keep me long."

Do you recognise the scene,

Stoker Maldwyn Davies? The cosy, spick and span home in Church Street, Taffs Well, near Cardiff?

"Tell my boy our thoughts are always with him and he has all our love," she said. "We pray for him. Though we know he won't be back just yet, we look forward eagerly to the time when he will be home."

She's a great little woman, Maldwyn. I expect you are often thinking of her—and Dad, too. They are missing you a whole lot, but they carry on, happily, because they know you are doing a good job well.

Stoker Davies has been two years in the Navy, and in submarines since last August. He's 21 years old.

By the way, Maldwyn, your kid brother seems to want to

join you. He says that when he's 17½—and that's only six months away—he's going into the Navy, too.

"And I expect he will," said Mrs. Davies with a smile. "The boys are great friends."

Mrs. Davies had to be persuaded to have her photograph taken. She didn't want her husband's meal to be late, and the potatoes were only half peeled.

"But I don't suppose Dad will mind, and it will please Maldwyn," she said.

So here she is, Submariner Davies—just as she was when we called to see her. She's proud of you, but that's nothing to what you ought to feel about her. She's got the hardest job—waiting for news from you, and waiting for your next home-coming.

—and C.P.O. Alfred Batten

LITTLE Greta Batten rushes downstairs whenever the postman knocks. She hopes every day she will be able to write a letter to her daddy, Chief Petty Officer Alfred Batten, to tell him she had got a scholarship to the Plymouth High School.

She was just going off to school—Prince Rock School, Plymouth—with her brother, five-year-old Dennis, when a "Good Morning" representative called at the flat at 90 Desborough-road, St. Jude's, Plymouth. She is ten, and so she can mother Dennis. Though he's not sure he wants to be mothered at all. A bit shy, he wouldn't come into the photograph. But

you can see Greta waving goodbye to Mummy and Granny.

"My husband hasn't seen this flat," Mrs. Batten said. "We were living at Polzeath, Cornwall, when he was last home on leave in January. It was nice there by the sea. But it was a long way from anywhere."

Mrs. Batten went up to London with the Chief Petty Officer last year, when the King handed him the D.S.M. he won for gallantry.

He was at Dunkirk, on one of the destroyers we lost, and he was wounded by shrapnel in the arm.

She was wearing a brass submarine brooch he made, and with it a miniature photograph of him.

"Say we are all well and happy," she said, "and we hope he's happy, too."

"And say we want him home," chimed in Greta. "And ask him when he's going to give me the leather pencil case he promised me."

Granny—Batten's mother—had a photograph in her hand. "Tell him we have just got this," she said, "and that we think he looks well, and give him our love."

Here's hoping, Chief Petty Officer, that you'll soon hear from Greta that she's got her scholarship.

(See Back Page)

★IT BE DEVON—★



Yes—Glorious Devon, a typical corner of Wilton Combe. The village general store and post-box, housed in a rustic cottage, detracts nothing from the quaint scene. "Brookside Stores" gets its name from the tiny brook flowing under the old bridge in the foreground.

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—50

- 1.—Put the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TRONO, and make a word.
- 2.—Mix the letters of LIAR and LOG to make an animal.
- 3.—Change PAPER into PRINT, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: SNAP into SHOT, SOON into LATE, LARK into JOKE.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word, OTHERWISE?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 49

- 1.—ANDAMAN.
- 2.—YORKSHIRE.
- 3.—DIRT, DIRE, SIRE, SURE, CURE, CARE, CASE, CAST, LAST, LUST, DUST.
DOOR, DOUR, FOUR, FOUL, FOOL, FOOT, SOOT, SHOT, SHUT.
RATES, FATES, FARES, TARES, TAXES.
SOLES, SALES, SALTS, SILTS, SILLS, SELLS, SEALS, HEALS, HEELS.
- 4.—Morn, Gong, Ring, Grin, Mood, Doom, Grid, Rood, Door, Moor, Room, Moon, Norm, etc.
Going, Grind, Doing, Groin, Moron, etc.

Solution to Puzzle
in No. 87

H	U	M	B	E	R
M	O	R	R	I	S
H	U	D	S	O	N
T	A	L	B	O	T
A	U	S	T	I	N
S	I	N	G	E	R

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a bushmaster?
2. Who wrote (a) "A Sentimental Journey," (b) "Sentimental Tommy"?
3. Which of these is an "intruder," and why?—Pêche Melba, Apple Charlotte, Caviare, Nut Sundae, Blancmange, Strawberry Flan.
4. How many bones are there in the human body?
5. Which is the longest river in Europe?
6. Who invented lawn tennis, and when?
7. What is an abacus?
8. What is the name of the biggest bell in England, what is its weight, and where is it?
9. Who was Jasper Petulengro?
10. How long is a lunar day?
11. When was the first message sent over the Atlantic cable?
12. Which is the longest surface-railway tunnel in the world?

MIXED DOUBLES

A game or sport, and something essential to or connected with it, is "anagrammed" in each of the two phrases below:—
(a) WORN LIGHT TREWS.
(b) BROWN SILK.
(Answers on Page 3)

By HERMAN
MELVILLE

I STOOD indeed as little chance among them as a cumbrous whale attacked on all sides by a legion of sword-fish. When at length they relinquished their hold of me, they swam away in every direction, laughing at my clumsy endeavours to reach them.

There was no boat on the lake; but at my solicitation, and for my special use, some of the young men attached to Marheyo's household, under the direction of the indefatigable Kory-Kory, brought up a light and tastefully carved canoe from the sea. It was launched upon the sheet of water, and floated there as gracefully as a swan. But, melancholy to relate, it produced an effect I had not anticipated. The sweet nymphs, who had sported with me before in the lake, now all fled its vicinity. The prohibited craft, guarded by the edicts of the "taboo," extended the prohibition to the waters in which it lay.

For a few days, Kory-Kory, with one or two other youths, accompanied me in my excursions to the lake, and while I paddled about in my light canoe, would swim after me shouting and gambolling in pursuit. But this was far from contenting me. Indeed, I soon began to weary of it, and longed more than ever for the pleasant society of the mermaids, in whose absence the amusement was dull and insipid.

One morning I expressed to my faithful servitor my desire for the return of the nymphs. The honest fellow looked at me, bewildered for a moment, and then shook his head solemnly, and murmured "taboo! taboo!" giving me to understand that unless the canoe was removed, I could not expect to have the young ladies back again.

But to this procedure I was averse; I not only wanted the canoe to stay where it was, but I wanted the beautiful Fayaway to get into it, and paddle with me about the lake. This latter proposition completely horrified Kory-Kory's notions of propriety. He inveighed against it, as something too monstrous to be thought of. It not only shocked their established notions of propriety, but was at variance with all their religious ordinances.

However, although the "taboo" was a ticklish thing to meddle with, I determined to test its capabilities of resisting an attack. I consulted the chief Mehevi, who endeavoured to persuade me from my object; but I was not to be repulsed; and accordingly increased the warmth of my solicitations.

At last he entered into a long, and I have no doubt a very learned and eloquent exposition of the history and nature of the "taboo" as affecting this particular case; employing a variety of most extraordinary words, which, from their amazing length and sonorousness, I have every reason to believe were of a theological nature. But all that he said failed to convince me. At last he became a little more rational, and intimated that, out of the abundant love he bore me, he would consult with the priests and see what could be done.

How it was that the priesthood of Typee satisfied the affair with their consciences, I know not; but so it was, and Fayaway's dispensation from this portion of the taboo was at length procured. The first day after Fayaway's emancipation, I had a delightful little party on the lake—the damsel, Kory-Kory, and myself. My zealous body-servant brought

from the house a calabash of poee-poe, half a dozen young cocoa-nuts—stripped of their husks—three pipes, as many yams, and me on his back a part of the way. Something of a load; but Kory-Kory was a very strong man for his size, and by no means brittle in the spine. We had a very pleasant day; my trusty valet plied the paddle and swept us gently along the margin of the water, beneath the shades of the overhanging thickets. Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, the gentle nymph occasionally placing her pipe to her lip, and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume.

We floated about thus for several hours, when I looked up to the warm, glowing, tropical sky, and then down into the transparent depths below; and when my eye, wandering from the bewitching

knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but—a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft.

In a moment the tappa was dis- tended by the breeze—the long brown tresses of Fayaway streamed in the air—and the canoe glided rapidly through the water, and shot towards the shore. Seated in the stern, I directed its course with my paddle until it dashed up the soft sloping bank, and Fayaway, with a light spring, alighted on the ground; whilst Kory-Kory, who had watched our manoeuvres with admiration, now clapped his hands in transport, and shouted like a madman. Many a time afterwards was this feat repeated.

I was the declared admirer of Miss Fayaway. Out of the calico I had brought from the ship a dress was made for this lovely girl. In it she looked, I must confess, something like an opera-dancer.

This England and
these English

POWER.

THE true test of a man and the true test of a class and the true test of a people is power. It is when power has come into their hands that the trial comes.

—W. E. Gladstone.



scenery around, fell upon the grotesquely-tattooed form of Kory-Kory, and finally encountered the pensive gaze of Fayaway. I thought I had been transported to some fairy region, so unreal did everything appear.

This lovely piece of water was the coolest spot in all the valley, and I now made it a place of continual resort during the hottest period of the day.

One day, after we had been paddling about for some time, I disembarked Kory-Kory, and paddled the canoe to the windward side of the lake. As I turned the canoe, Fayaway, who was with me, seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was

The drapery of the latter damsel generally commences a little above the elbows, but my island beauty's began at the waist, and terminated sufficiently far above the ground to reveal the most bewitching ankle in the universe.

The day that Fayaway first wore this robe was rendered memorable by a new acquaintance being introduced to me. In the afternoon I was lying in the house, when I heard a great uproar outside; but being by this time pretty well accustomed to the wild halloos which were almost continually ringing through the valley, I paid little attention to it, until old Marheyo, under the influence of some strange excitement, rushed into my presence and communicated the astounding tidings, "Marnoo pemi!" which being interpreted, implied that an individual by the name of Marnoo was approaching.

My worthy old friend evidently

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

"SPARE A LIGHT, SISTER?"

Cigar smokers at that. In the Kuala Dela district, Malay Peninsula, the jungle people hardly ever see a match. They preserve fire very carefully and light one thing from another with great economy. The woman on the left is of the Senoi tribe, but she has just stopped a jungle "beauty" of another clan to ask a light, which is the request never refused.

expected that this intelligence would produce a great effect upon me, and for a time he stood earnestly regarding me, as if curious to see how I should conduct myself, but as I remained perfectly unmoved, the old gentleman darted out of the house again, in as great a hurry as he had entered it.

"Marnoo, Marnoo," cogitated I, "I have never heard that name before. Some distinguished character, I presume, from the prodigious riot the natives are making;" the tumultuous noise drawing nearer and nearer every moment, while "Marnoo! — Marnoo!" was shouted by every tongue.

I made up my mind that some savage warrior of consequence, who had not yet enjoyed the honour of an audience, was desir-

ous of paying his respects on the present occasion. So vain had I become by the lavish attention to which I had been accustomed, that I felt half inclined, as a punishment for such neglect, to give this Marnoo a cold reception, when the excited throng came within view, conveying one of the most striking specimens of humanity that I ever beheld.

The stranger could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and was a little above the ordinary height; had he been a single hair's breadth taller, the matchless symmetry of his form would have been destroyed. His unclad limbs were beautifully formed; whilst the elegant outline of his figure, together with his

Continued on Page 3.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in WILD FIRE, not CAREFUL AIM.
My second's in THINGUMMY, not WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.
My third is in CHARIOT and ARMoured CARS.
My fourth's in THE BOYS' BRIGADE, not the HUSSARS.
My fifth's not in SERVICE CORPS, but in THE GUARDS.
My sixth is in RIGGING, but not in THE YARDS.

(Answer on Page 3.)

Who is it?

He was born at York and served in the Spanish Army. In his 35th year he became involved in a scheme to destroy a large public building in Westminster, with all its occupants. The design failed, and he was caught and put to death. In peacetime the discovery of the intended outrage is celebrated with pyrotechnic displays and the burning of effigies. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



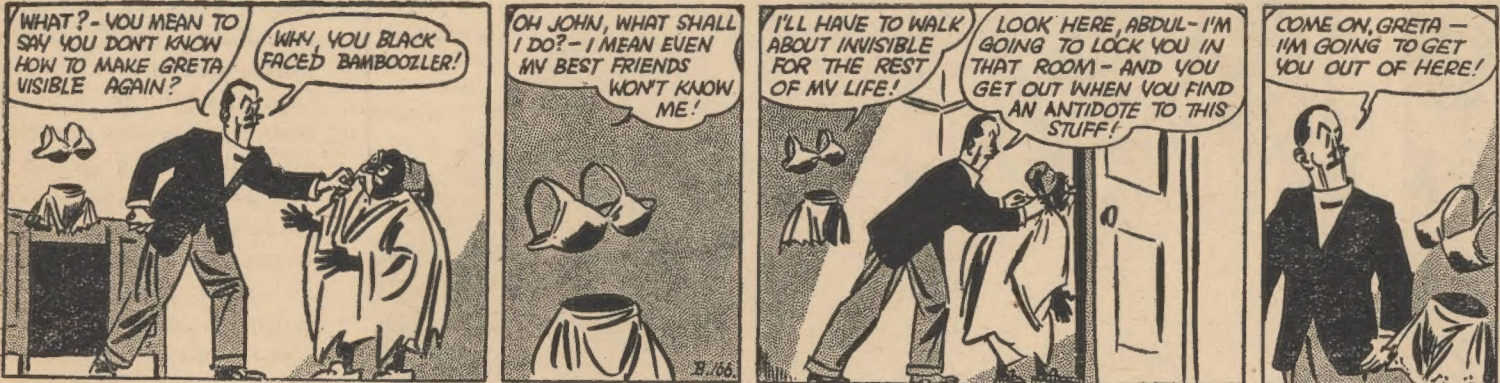
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

beardless cheeks, might have entitled him to the distinction of standing for the statue of the Polynesian Apollo; and indeed the oval of his countenance and the regularity of every feature reminded me of an antique bust.

But the marble repose of art was supplied by a warmth and liveliness of expression only to be seen in the South Sea islander under the most favourable developments of nature.

The hair of Marnoo was a rich curling brown, and twined about his temples and neck in little close curling ringlets, which danced up and down continually when he was

animated in conversation. His cheek was of a feminine softness, and his face was free from the least blemish of tattooing, although the rest of his body was drawn all over with fanciful figures, which—unlike the unconnected sketching usual among these natives—appeared to have been executed in conformity with some general design. (Continued to-morrow)

ODD CORNER

Cricket was once a disreputable game, and sharpers and dishonest bookmakers turned up at every match. Players were bribed to lose, and even crack bowlers were willing to forfeit their reputations for the money offered—though they were usually allowed to take one wicket "for prestige." One syndicate of bookmakers, known as the "Legs of Marylebone," had its headquarters at Lords, and did not hesitate, on occasion, to kidnap players who refused their bribes. The last "sold"

match was played between Surrey and All-England, in the top-hat days at the beginning of the last century.

It was not the M.C.C. which first thought of sending cricketers to Australia. It was Mr. Splers, of Splers and Pond, who put it up as an advertising stunt. An offer was made to cricketers at a dinner during the North v. South match at Birmingham, and though most of the North players turned it down because the terms offered were not good enough, the South players accepted, and a team was formed. Their Australian tour was a great success, and Splers got £30,000 profit in addition to his advertisement.

Lithium, lightest metal of all, is half as heavy as water, with which, however, it reacts chemically with great violence. It occurs in minerals and vegetable ash. Tobacco ash is said to contain 44% lithium chloride. Lithium is alloyed with lead and other metals for special bearings, and with aluminium to harden it. Nazis have made extravagant claims for new lithium-beryllium alloys.

Church and town hall bells in Germany have been taken for salvage, and porcelain ones substituted for them. These appear to be very satisfactory, and there are no records of breakage.

Answer to Quiz in No. 87

1. The kiwi.
2. Keats, the poem: Disraeli, the novel.
3. Allegro, which is a musical direction; the others are types of composition.
4. November 9, 1886, by Queen Victoria.
5. The Caspian Sea.
6. Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the first full moon occurring after March 21st.
7. To make worse.
8. 1806.
9. A character in Farquhar's comedy, "The Beaux Strata-gem."
10. Ten years.
11. The pig.
12. Just over 2 miles (10.779 feet).

Answer to Who Is It?
GUY FAWKES

Solution to Allied Ports.
DURBAN.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) WRESTLING & THROW.
(b) BOWLS & RINK.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13		14			
15				16	17			
18		19				20		21
		22			23			
24		25		26			27	28
		29		30			31	
32	33				34	35		
36						37		
38						39		

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Gripping device.
 - 5 Files.
 - 10 Animal's skin.
 - 11 Useful timber.
 - 12 Silly.
 - 14 Tall tree.
 - 15 Vigour.
 - 16 Garden flower.
 - 18 Lampeen.
 - 20 Rosaceous plant.
 - 22 Assuage.
 - 24 In case.
 - 26 Repeal.
 - 29 Stage of development.
 - 31 Ocean.
 - 32 Drop abruptly.
 - 34 With a twang.
 - 36 Read carefully.
 - 37 Be morose.
 - 38 Sagacity.
 - 39 Table game.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

GRAM JABBER
HOMES REED
EDITH ANGUS
SET EBB ACE
TOYS LIMPED
N APACE E
ULSTER WARM
TIC WEE MAT
STOAT ARECA
HUGE TUNER
RETIORT EDDY

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Thin slices.
 - 2 Pedigree.
 - 3 Fit.
 - 4 Human beings.
 - 5 Intent.
 - 6 Affirms.
 - 7 Trap.
 - 8 Play on words.
 - 9 Vapour.
 - 13 Noble.
 - 17 Cauterises.
 - 19 Neck of land.
 - 21 Opens.
 - 23 Intense.
 - 24 Scandinavians.
 - 25 Reject with disdain.
 - 27 Outcome.
 - 28 Converses.
 - 30 Recess.
 - 33 Shelter.
 - 35 Tree.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Good-bye Mummy



Greta Batten, daughter of C.P.O. Batten, waves her Mummy and Grannie "Good-bye" as she leaves for school. Doesn't look as though you need have any worries about Greta hating school, C.P.O.



★ Moy Wong, latest recruit in the ranks of Windmill showgirls. Not only looks good, but specialises in Oriental dances which are so fetching that even hard-baked theatre-goers take their ration books with them. Mr. Vivian Van Damm predicts an outstanding future for Moy, and he knows more than a little about the show business.

This England

★ The Royal Oak Inn, Meavy, South Devonshire. Fairly gives you a thirst when you see those sons of the soil knocking back those pints, doesn't it? Village Green is almost deserted. Guess practically all the "eligibles" are away in the Forces. Here's toasting the day when Peace celebrations crowd the green, and the landlord of the Royal Oak is almost run off his feet, serving returnees with years' thirst-arrears to catch up on.



Ship's cat was rude to me. Yelled out, "Geddup them stairs!" The brute! I haven't really done as he said. What has actually happened is that he has got me with my back to the wall. I'll show him now.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I said 'geddup them stairs'—and there she is!"

